

Comedy Power Couple by agrajag

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Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, M/M, Minor Eddie Kaspbrak/Myra Kaspbrak

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier/Original Male Character(s)

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Summary:

[W]hen he countered with asking if Richie was married, implying that no one would want to marry him, he wanted to joke back, but he was so drunk at that point that he decided, what the hell. Fuck it. It was time to drop the truth on them.

"Uh, well, no I'm not because it wasn't legal up until recently, so..."

"What do you mean legal?" Eddie asked, looking truly confused.

The others got it immediately. Bill tried to toast him with his empty glass. Mike got up, came around the table, and clapped him on the shoulder. Ben honestly looked like he was tearing up as he thanked him for trusting them. And Bev offered him a knowing smile.

"Wait. I'm sorry," Eddie said as he shook his head. "You're..."

"Gay? Oh yeah. It took me a long time to really accept that part of myself, but like ten years ago I just really couldn't see the point," Richie explained.

Comedy Power Couple

Author's Note:

this was inspired by a combination of a fic i saw where richie was dating billy eichner and [bucky](#) mentioning a scott pilgrim au where lucas lee was still just one of richie's exes and i frankenstein'd it into this

it's not really RPF but like i do mention richie dating a bunch of real celebrities so if that's not your thing it may be best to skip this

Okay. He could do this.

Richie took a deep breath and got out of the rental car he had picked up at the airport. Of course he had insisted on renting the most expensive sports car they had. Well, at least he trusted them that's what he had gotten. He knew absolutely nothing about cars.

Eddie had known about cars. His mother hadn't let him drive, but Eddie taught himself everything he needed to know between reading magazines and studying the rest of the Losers cars.

Richie still couldn't remember everything, but since he had gotten the call from Mike, his mind was a swirl of 'Eddie, Eddie, Eddie.'

He wasn't sure if he could this.

No. He could do this.

The door was currently being blocked by a man and a woman hugging, and as he got closer, he realized it was Bev and Ben. Christ, they looked good. That was unfair. So he made sure to let them know that. He could deal with them being hot, but when he walked into the room the waitress had led them to and saw Eddie, he had no idea how to react. Time to do what he did best, then. He picked up the mallet and hit the gong, causing Mike, Bill, and Eddie to jump.

"This meeting of the Losers club is officially in session."

Thankfully it was a flurry of everyone making the rounds, hugging each other, and saying how ridiculous it was that they had gone this long without meeting up. Which, that last part was just a formality. It was obvious that they had all forgotten about each other. Had forgotten about Derry. Finally they took their seats, and Richie called over the waitress to order a round of drinks for everyone. He definitely needed a little liquid courage if he was going to make it through this. They started to catch up as the beer flowed, and it wasn't long before they got onto the topic of their love lives. It seemed no one was truly comfortable discussing that, so at least Richie wasn't alone.

So Bill had gotten married to a model. Lucky bastard. Bev had a tan line on her ring finger, but delicately implied that she had left him. Good for her. Mike and Ben were currently single, which was honestly a crime.

And then there was Eddie.

"So wait, Eddie, you got married?"

"Yeah. Why is it so fuckin' funny, dickwad?"

"What? Like... to a woman?"

"Fuck you, bro!"

"Fuck you!"

It was so easy to fall right back into bickering with Eddie. Of course when he countered with asking if Richie was married, implying that no one would want to marry him, he wanted to joke back, but he was so drunk at that point that he decided, what the hell. Fuck it. It was time to drop the truth on them.

"Uh, well, no I'm not because it wasn't legal up until recently, so..."

"What do you mean legal?" Eddie asked, looking truly confused.

The others got it immediately. Bill tried to toast him with his empty glass. Mike got up, came around the table, and clapped him on the shoulder. Ben honestly looked like he was tearing up as he thanked him for trusting them. And Bev offered him a knowing smile.

"Wait. I'm sorry," Eddie said as he shook his head. "You're..."

"Gay? Oh yeah. It took me a long time to really accept that part of myself, but like ten years ago I just really couldn't see the point," Richie explained. He motioned for the waitress to refill the drinks again. "Times changed. I was tired of hating myself. So, yeah. I came out in a special. That was before Netflix specials, so like, I don't know if how easy it is to find it, if you want. But I quite liked that show. It was the first time I'd written my own material in about fifteen years. It was scary at first but I felt amazing afterward."

"That's awesome man," Ben said. "So, if not married, then a partner?"

"You think we'd let the question go after that speech, huh?" Bill asked with a laugh.

Richie sighed, hanging his head. He perked back up once another beer was sat in front of him, along with another shot of whiskey. He took the shoot and chugged half the beer before looking back toward his friends.

"You guys are the worst. Uh, well, there *have* been people over the years, but like, nothing super serious. I dated Neil Patrick Harris for awhile before either of us were out."

"No way," Bev said with a gasp.

"Yeah, I know how you loved Doogie, Bev. Um, but yeah. That didn't work out. Then there was a few flings here and there over the years before me and Billy Eichner were together for awhile."

"Oh wait. I remember that," Bill said excitedly. "I saw a tabloid once. Like, 'Comedy Power Couple' or something. And I didn't know why I

was so drawn to it. I never read tabloid stuff, but I bought that."

"Oh man. What did it say about us?" Richie asked.

"God, you are so full of yourself," Eddie said. "First name dropping, and now this."

He almost looked upset, but it couldn't have been due to Richie's ego. He, out of everyone, knew that it was just part of Richie's persona. It always had been, even before he had become a comedian.

"Richie, I didn't even remember all of you until I got the call," Bill said, before he and Eddie could really get into it. "I really don't remember a tabloid article from how many years ago."

"Fair enough," Richie said and shrugged. "Anyway, uh, yeah. Then after that, another few flings. A somewhat serious thing with someone who isn't out either. So obviously I have a problem even now that I myself am out. I shouldn't tell you, but his name rhymes with Priss Clevens."

Mike sighed.

"Did you even try, Richie?"

"Wait. Who is it?" Eddie asked. "I don't get it."

"Chris Evans, Eds," Bev said. "You know. Captain America?"

"Oh, I don't watch those movies."

"Have you really been living under a rock this whole time, man?" Richie asked.

The conversation devolved into he and Eddie arguing about the importance of pop culture while Bill tried to speak over them while asking Mike how it was working in the library.

Though none of that really ended up mattering once the whole fortune cookie incident occurred. And then they were rushing back to

the Derry Inn, Mike was telling them about the plan to stop Pennywise, and blah blah blah. Richie didn't have time for this. He stole a couple of bottles of whatever looked most expensive from behind the bar and made his way to his room. He couldn't deal with all that right now. He planned to get black out drunk and hopefully in the morning he forgot everything again.

He had only managed to take a few swigs from a very good whiskey when someone was knocking on his door.

"Look, Mike, I don't want to talk about this right now," Richie said as threw the door open. "Oh. It's you."

Standing there was Eddie. He was holding his phone and he looked furious.

"So, I looked up Chris Evans."

"Uh, okay. That... was not what I was expecting."

Eddie brushed past him, so Richie mumbled 'Sure, just invite yourself in' as he shut the door. He watched as Eddie paced back and forth, building up to what he wanted to say. It was taking far too long, and Richie ended up sitting down on the bed and twiddling his thumbs while he waited.

"He's like... He's not what I expected. I mean, I guess I should have known when Bev said he plays Captain America. I read comics. I know what super heroes are supposed to look like. But I didn't think your type would be... a beefcake." Richie couldn't help but laugh at that. "What's so fucking funny, asshole?"

"Just... you said beefcake. Also, you do realize that it's not easy to keep up those washboard abs, right? Like, after a movie is done filming, those actors go right back to nice and pudgy like the rest of us."

"God, that's not the point of this!" Eddie said, throwing his hands up. "The point is... the point is, I got the call from Mike and I crashed my fucking car because I thought about you. That's the first thing I

remembered. I have spent my whole life hiding, and it apparently was easy once I forgot you, but knowing I'd see you again... I thought maybe I could try and be myself. I told Myra that I wasn't coming back. I was going to tell you... how I felt, back then. But then I freaked out during dinner."

"Wait. Slow down Eddie." Richie grabbed his wrist, gently, and made him sit down next to him. "Eddie, are you saying that you liked me when we were younger?"

"Yeah, dipshit. And I was so scared to do anything about it. But, like you said, things are different now. I think that I could finally admit... I'm gay."

"God, you have no idea how happy that makes me, Eds. I loved you so much. I think even without remembering you, I still love you. I was honestly scared to come back and see you when all I wanted was to kiss you."

"Well," Eddie said, scooting closer. "There's nothing stopping you know, is there?"

"Why, Eds, you *are* smooth."

"Just know, I probably won't live up to all your famous conquests."

Richie laughed lightly as he took hold of Eddie's hand.

"Hey, that's in the past. And all I want now is you."

And, finally, Eddie leaned in to kiss him then.